

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Design In Malice"

(feat. Young Zee & Pacewon)

[Young Zee:]

If I don't have the mag I get a bastard stabbed
With a knife big as a claw of an Alaskan crab
Young, I'm down with Vinnie, give me six weeks
All y'all little pipsqueaks is up shit's creek
Think we a joke? I'll put three in your throat
Drunk off gin and C&C coke then we flee in a boat
Then I come open up the spot with Coconut Ciroc
So the hoes'll suck some cock
Then I'll forget to call her, after the nut I get attention deficit disorder
1-5 catch us off X's and dust
Whole clique of registered sex offenders
Pop shit, we'll hold your funeral XVIs
Niggas' money come in Roman numerals
Your block slow now, she fuck with them rappers
Cause y'all niggas' money took a muscle relaxer

[Pacewon:]

I'm the mastermind with a faster rhyme
It's work, not how I pass the time
I'm the mastermind with a faster rhyme
It's work, not how I pass the time
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[Vinnie Paz:]

Our music's strong enough to stop a bomb
I'm putting pressure on you kids like I'm a soccer mom
Who you think idea that it was to stop Saddam?
Who you think idea that was to drop the bomb?
You get your shit rocked ma like Mustafa song
You blowing smoke you motherfucker, you should cop a bong
The nine Taurus jam a little bit, the Glock is strong
I move brutal and use voodoo like Papa Shango
Over a billion Muslims, you could never stop Islam
Over a billion bullets shooting from the chopper's arm
The backstage filled with liquor and a lot of traum'
Cause it's been hard on Vinnie since my father gone
I'm about to blow the fucking horns like it was Rosh Hashanah
This is the calm before the storm, Armageddon's on
Carry a motherfucker head that I shred in 'Nam
I speak literally, figuratively, the prophet gone

[Pacewon:]

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[Jus Allah:]

You don't have to search and question

I have the purse and the murder weapon

Never get a second chance to make a first impression

I'm no virgin to murder and I'm an urban legend

Rather be of real service than to serve in Heaven

I don't like cops, I don't like co-operators

I don't like traitors or story corroborators

In any problem I'm the common denominator

My behaviour is the product of intoxicators

I'm just blood addicted, it's the other liquid

I'm above the limit off of the blood of the wicked

Don't even ask, there's somebody in the body bags

The blood matches what's on the hatchets and hockey mask

I'm never traumatized, I don't have to compromise

I don't have to economize the homicides

You tell Jesus to take the wheel, my faith is nil

I believe that even Jesus has a way to kill